

## AN HUMBLE EFFORT.

De ol' leaf hung upon de tree  
When summer days was pas',  
"I guess," says he, "it's up to me,  
I's all dat's lef' at las';  
De blue and red of de popy bed  
Is fadin' fas' away.  
I nebbber 'mounted to much," he said,  
"But I's all dat's lef' to-day."

An' de gold and scarlet handsemness  
Dat he done hang out dat day,  
Dey kind of jessened our distress  
Foh de flowers dat went away.  
An' we didn't chide him, wif joys so few.  
An' say dat he wan't no good;  
But we kinder thanked him, jes' a few,  
Foh doin' de bes' he could.  
—Washington Star.

## TONIETTA'S QUEST.

I SHALL go to America! All Americans are rich! Why need we starve here, when plenty is waiting? The angry words rang ever in little Tonia's ear, and she could shut her eyes and see again the father stern and forbidding; the mother, pleading and tearful, and the handsome, dark-eyed brother, who had gone from their door in far-away Italy, that summer's day, and from whom they had heard no tidings.

That was long years ago, before they, too, had come to America, this land of golden promise, in search of him. Tonia had been but a babe then; now she was quite a little woman. And Mariano, the lost one, would be 20 years old, a man, indeed. At first they had looked eagerly into every boyish face they met, sure that they would soon find him. But the days grew into weeks, the weeks into months, and now the months had counted off one whole year, and still no trace of him. They had questioned their countrymen wherever they went, but it was always the same doubtful shaking of the head, and some had even laughed. It was like searching for a grain of sand upon the ocean's shore. Even were he in this great, crowded, bustling New York, it was a hopeless task. And then the little sad-faced mother began to lose even the slender thread of hope to which she had clung so long, and sometimes she would say, "My Mariano is dead. I



"WHY DO YOU SING THAT SONG? WHO ARE YOU?"

know he is dead!" then fall to weeping bitterly.

The little fruit store which the father had placed on the corner of a busy street was doing fairly well, and they might have been so happy had it not been for this dark day cloud that hung over them, and each grew darker; for soon the sad-faced mother lost all pride in the pretty cottage she had loved so well. She no longer sat before the door, with busy needle flashing in and out some snowy linen, but with hands folded idly before her she watched all day down the busy street, or wandered aimlessly about the little garden-plot, humming over and over again a plaintive Italian lullaby:

O, che cari l'adora, che 'il mio tesoro,  
Vi mio d'amor, paria ancora!

"Dear mamma, why do you sing the same little song?" Tonia would ask. "Because it is the one my Mariano loved best of all," the mother would reply. "If he is out there in the great world, I am sure his sweetness will some day reach his heart and bring him back to me."

It was but the foolish fancy of the yearning mother-love, perhaps, yet who can say that a kind heaven did not send it? And then there came an evening when little Tonia, from her seat on the tiny doorstep, heard one from a group of kindly neighbors who had paused before the gate, say pityingly:

"Poor woman! She is breaking her heart for the son that was lost. She will surely lose her mind unless he is restored to her, and it is more than likely that he has gone back to Italy."

"To Italy? To Italy?" the little girl started to her feet. Ah, why had she not thought of that before. "To Italy!" Yes! It must be so, for he had said he would come again, when he was like the rest of the Americans; and she must go to-morrow and tell him that the little mother wanted him—so badly, and he must come home with her, and then they would all be happy once more.

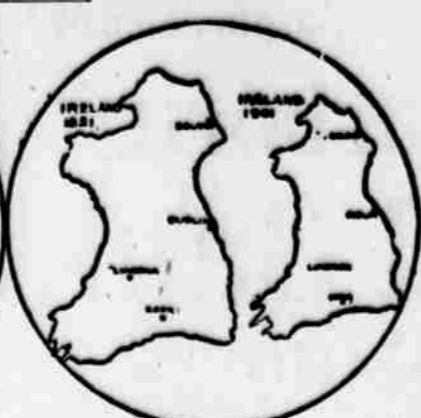
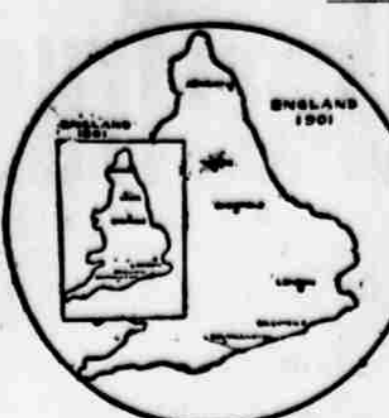
Her childish mind had forgotten all the long ocean voyage, and she could hardly wait next morning until the tiny lunch basket, which she always carried to kindergarten, was packed, and she could start. She had made up her mind not to tell her secret. It was to be her own, until the happy moment when she would return, leading her brother by the hand. She took from its place on the clock-shelf the little iron bank where she had hoarded all her savings, shook out a handful of pennies, then kissed her mother fondly and started on her journey. At the corner she climbed into a waiting car, and when the kind-faced conductor paused before her, she held out the little brown bag "To Italy, please," she said.

"To Italy?" he asked, in wonder. Then, "Oh, you mean Little Italy; but that's just 5 cents. You mustn't give me all your money."

And then she sat, with her great eyes very wide at the strange sights and sounds as they whirled swiftly away across the great city. She had never been so far from home before, so it was all new. At last the conductor came again.

"Here you are, little one," he said, as the car came to a stop. "Better run right home to your mother," for he thought, of course, that she lived here

## ENGLAND'S GAIN AND IRELAND'S LOSS.



Great Britain's census is expected to show a total population in England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales of 42,000,000. This expectation is based upon the average decennial rate of increase shown during the last half of the century. The figures contrasting the population of these divisions of the empire a century ago and as estimated to-day is interesting:

England (including Wales)	1801	1901
England (including Wales)	9,334,549	32,000,000
Ireland (first counted in 1821)	6,801,827	4,250,000
Scotland	1,608,420	4,350,000

Most remarkable showing of all—if one excepts the decline of Irish population—is the gain of London, first city in the world in size and financial power. At the beginning of the nineteenth century the imperial city had a population of 864,845. This has grown to more than 6,200,000 as the beginning of the twentieth century.

The rate of increase in most of the divisions of the empire have steadily declined since 1850, and the rate of loss in Ireland has also fallen correspondingly, a hopeful sign for the Emerald Isle. The losses are due almost entirely to emigration. In the case of the English emigrants the colonies have been the gainers mainly. Most of the Irish who left their island have come to America to make homes, though a considerable number of the millions who have put the dust of Erin behind

them have sought places of abode in all the far portions of the world drawn under the protection of the British flag.

The population of London, roughly speaking, doubles itself every four decades. In 1801, out of every ten people in England and Wales one person lived in London. To-day one out of every seven persons in England and Wales lives in London. This growth, it is scarcely needful to point out, has not taken place in central London, where the population has been diminishing by about one-twelfth in each of the last three decades. The increase is in the suburbs, where the small house never ceases to encroach and multiply. In the central area, which includes the districts of St. George's, Hanover Square, Westminster, Marylebone, St. Giles, the Strand, Holborn, the City, Shoreditch, Whitechapel and St. George's-in-the-East, the number of houses which cease to be inhabited, or are transferred to the category of "houses not occupied at night," amounts to more than 1,000 each year.

The fourteen largest provincial towns in England—Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds, Sheffield, Bristol, Nottingham, Bradford, Hull, Newcastle, Salford, Leicester, Oldham and Portsmouth—do not amount in joint population to the figures of London, even if the growing Outer Ring of suburbs be excluded.

In the Italian quarter, or Little Italy, as it is called.

For just one moment the little girl hesitated and looked about her, half-frightened at the noisy, crowded street, but in the thought of the sorrowing mother at home all fear was forgotten and bravely she started on her tramp. Ah, the terrors of that weary day and of the weary days that were to follow. Patiently she wandered through the busy streets singing over and over again the little lullaby that was to bring him back to them:

O, che cari l'adora, che 'il mio tesoro,  
Vi mio d'amor, paria ancora!

Each evening she returned, so tired she could scarcely drag her weary feet, but with the morning hope and courage came again and the thought, "Surely to-day I must find him."

Passers-by wondered at the strange child who sang over and over again the same little song. The kind-faced conductor greeted her each day with a questioning smile, but Tonia did not heed, for she thought only of her strange quest, and of the poor little mother who was growing paler and paler, until she was but a frail shadow of her former self. Very often a mist would come before the child's dark eyes and sobs would drown the faltering tones, but she could not give up. She must find her brother. It meant so much to them all. And it was through her tears, at last, that she saw him, although she did not know. It was the faltering tones that made him start from his seat on the door-step, where he sat, heart-sick and alone, gazing before him into a future that was dark indeed.

"Why do you sing that song? Who are you? What is your name?" He caught her arm almost fiercely. Tonia drew back in alarm. She had been looking for a handsome, well-dressed, happy Mariano, yet here, a ragged, sad-faced boy bent over her, a boy with a "something" in his dark eyes that made her answer, in spite of her fright, "My name is Tonia. It is the little mother's song."

"My little mother! My little sister!" he cried. "Ah, Tonia, don't you know me? Am I so changed?"

"Mariano! My brother!" She flung her arms about his neck and almost sobbed for joy. "Come—you must come home with me, for the little mother is waiting for us."—Detroit Free Press.

Mr. Pictet, of Geneva, a pioneer in the liquefying of gases, has proposed to use the process for separating the nitrogen and oxygen of the air, and marketing each of these for special purposes. A factory in New York has the same objects in view. Carbonic acid gas, frozen out of the atmosphere, would also be a product of the process.

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

Eccentric Poet and Playwright, with Impressive Personality.

In the death of Robert Buchanan in London, the career of an eccentric poet, novelist and playwright came to a close and a man of impressive personality was removed from the world of letters.

Mr. Buchanan was of pure Scotch descent and was born at Caverswall August 18, 1841. He was educated at Glasgow University, graduating when 19 years of age. Immediately he determined upon a literary career and went to London.

Three years later he produced his first volume, which was well received. Soon he became one of the most voluminous of authors, poems, novels, plays and criticisms coming from his pen in startling profusion. His writings ranged from the very good to the very bad, but his successes were more frequent than the failures. His dramatic ventures were almost without exception most pleasing to the public, his success being attained by clever anticipation of the popular taste. His career marked him as a man of rugged force and honesty who, from excellent and even lofty motives, was continually blundering into indiscretions which drew ridicule upon him.

In America he became known principally by reason of his championing Walt Whitman and calling America to account for its failure to recognize and crown the "good gray poet" as its representative genius. The letter, which was widely discussed, was resented not only by the American public but by Whitman himself.

WILL BE USED AS A HOSPITAL.

San Francisco Mansion of the Late Collis P. Huntington.

The San Francisco mansion of the late Collis P. Huntington, which is soon to be converted into a charity hospital by gift of Mrs. Huntington, stands on Nob Hill, the aristocratic residence place of the town, in a cluster of houses the owners of which are known to fame as California's wealthiest men. The Huntington house is a three-story residence, occupying an entire block. It is built of marble, and its simple, stately appearance gives it a charm which attaches to very few of the palaces of California's millionaires. Its color is pure white and its general architectural plan is modeled after the Pitti Palace in Italy. Its neighbors are the house of the late Charles Crocker, of Mrs. Hopkins-Searles, the Flood mansion and the old home of Governor Stanford.

Laughs of European Nations.

An American traveler in Europe remarks the Italian laugh is languid but musical, the German as deliberate, the French as spasmodic and uncertain, the upper class English as guarded and not always genuine, the lower class English as explosive, the Scotch of all classes as hearty and the Irish as rollicking.

Cost of Printing Bank Notes.

It costs almost exactly a cent apiece to print Bank of England notes.

## DOWNFALL OF AN EXPERT.

Awakening of a Lady Who Knew All About Raising Children.

Now, behold, there came a time in the land when all the women belonged unto clubs.

And every club was devoted unto the solving of problems which were better tackled single-handed, or might as well have been left alone in the first place.

And great was the sale of encyclopedias, for all the women had to write papers about things of which they had never heard.

Verily, they asked more questions than a conundrum social.

Now, it came to pass that certain of the women of the land said one to another:

"Let us have a mothers' convention."

And the others answered with one voice: "Won't that be cute? Let's."

And it was so.

"Now," when they had gathered in the place of the convention, there arose one among them with a paper.

And the heading of the paper was: "The Only Real Tip on the Correct Mode of Raising Children."

And the woman who had the paper was a maiden of uncertain age, if you took her word for it.

But, verily, if you took a look at her, there was neither uncertainty nor doubt in thy mind.

And she read from the paper, and told them all about it, even all.

So that, when she had finished, one among them rose up and said:

"Behold, there is nothing more to be said or to be written. Let us go hence

graph thereof was rendered null and void.

For the children yielded not unto her singing, nor would they sit themselves still and listen unto the stories which she had advised being told unto them.

When she sought to inculcate good principles by means of a tale of noble actions, she was asked to "Cut it out."

When she suggested that the children play the game that is called "Ring Around a Rosey," she was asked to go back to the woods.

When she sought to tempt them with "Puss in the Corner" she was urged to get an alarm clock and come to herself, for she was in an apparent slumber.

When she tried moral suasion upon them they continued to eat from the jam jar and to wipe their fingers upon the lace curtains.

When she endeavored to get them to do as from their ways, which she called "naughty," they beseeched her to go and get a reputation.

And she took the paper that she had read unto the convention, and tore it into fragments.

And she went out into the yard and selected some long, vigorous switches from a peach tree which grew there.

Behold, when the mother returned unto her home she found her children eating from off the mantelpiece and behaving with much obedience.

While the maiden sat in the midst of them with a gad in her hand and a grim look in her eyes.

Now, there is a large and valuable moral attached to this tale, which the same is:



HON. DELAVAN B. COLE.

Talked Of for Judicial Honors.

and go to the mark-down sales and the places of the soda fountains."

So they all departed, and the woman who had read the paper awoke the next morning to find her picture in the dailies.

For she had sent it unto the men that are called editors.

Now, it also came to pass that this woman had a sister, who was married, and who furthermore had four children.

And the married one was going away for a journey and would leave the children at home.

So she called unto her maiden sister, saying:

"If it seemeth fair in thy sight, it would be real nice of you to take care of the little darlings while I am away."

And the sister smiled a glad smile and vowed that she would be happy to do it.

And when she took charge of the children she took also with her the paper that she had read.

Behold, in two minutes the first para-

It is Always Easy to Raise Other People's Children, Until You Try to Do the Trick.—Josh Wink, in Baltimore American.

Expanded Neck and Broke Rope.

It was on the bank of the Ganges, near Lucknow. I had turned in early, exhausted by the heat of an Indian summer day, and was soon fast asleep. Suddenly I awoke. In vain I sought to pierce the gloom. A damp, clammy finger pressed my forehead. I raised my head, only, oh, horror! to have it seized in the noose of the professional strangler, or thug, who abounds in that part of India.

One more superhuman effort! By enlarging the muscles of my neck I might, perhaps, break the silken rope. I twisted my face to one side. A snap! My neck felt broken.

When the cord was at its tautest I must, with the extra straits, have snapped it, and disappointed the stranger—whom, I found, had decamped with all my money.—Answers.

GEO. W. JACKSON,

President.

JOHN J. CORBETT,

Vice-President.

W. E. BELL,

CORNELIUS HOGAN,

General Manager.

Telephone Central 1860.

Telephone Main 3778.

## Jackson &amp; Corbett Company

General Contractors

1104 Ashland Block, 59 Clark St.,

CHICAGO.

Corporation Work of Every Description.

## FURNITURE!

Carpets, Stoves, Crockery, Rugs, Brass and Iron Beds, Lace Curtains and Shades.

Cheapest Cash House in the City!

HENRY STUCKART,

2509 to 2519 Archer Ave.

PHONE YARDS 27.

## MURRAY &amp; CO.,

Established 1868.

## BLANKETS

SQUARE WOOL, all prices.

DUCK-LINED, square and shaped, all grades.

STABLE BLANKETS, lined and unlined, all styles and qualities, cut to fit and guaranteed to stay on.

WATER-PROOF Horse and Wagon Covers.

WHITE DUCK Horse and Wagon Covers.

CHEMICAL DUCK Horse and Wagon Covers.

ANYTHING that can be made out of Duck or Canvas.

Note change of address:

333 S. CANAL ST.

## W. A. HINKINS

PROPRIETOR OF THE

## Erie Livery and Boarding Stable.

199 TO 201 ERIE STREET,

CHICAGO.

Telephone North 1076.

Strictly High-grade Carriages, Broughams and Light Livery

Livery, 138 E. North Av.

Telephone North 758

## J. H. HARTWICK



## Undertaker and Embalmer.

178 CENTER STREET.

## E. MUELHOEFER &amp; BRO.

## UNDERTAKERS.

112 and 114 Clybourn Avenue,

Telephone North 411.

CHICAGO.

WILLIAM EISFELDT,  
Funeral Director  
and Embalmer.

FINE LIVERY.

TEL. NORTH 270.

86-88 RACINE AV.

COR. GARFIELD AV.

JOS. J. DUFFY.

M. J. SCANLAN.

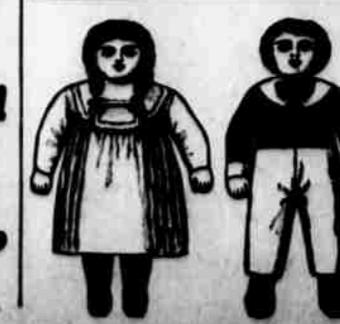
## JOSEPH J. DUFFY &amp; CO.,

GENERAL

## CONTRACTORS

907 Chamber of Commerce.

Telephone Main 4588.

FAMILY OF DOLLS  
FREE

Of course every little girl loves a doll, but how delighted she would be with a whole family of dolls which will "play house." Send the boy and girl dolls here pictures, there is a Grandpa and a Grandma doll, Grandpa in full military uniform, and Grandma in the latest costume of the olden time. The large dolls are nearly two feet high, the small ones 12 inches. They have rosy cheeks, beautiful hair, hands that will not break, eyes that will not fall in, and are handsomely dressed in bright colors that will not fade. Words can never express the delight which any child will feel in possessing this doll family. We will give these four beautiful dolls absolutely free for sending only five boxes of our famous Stomach Tablets or one box. Write today and we will send the Tablets by mail postpaid. When sold send us the money (\$1.50) and we will send you the family of four dolls as soon as possible. NATIONAL MEDICINE CO., Premium Dept. 166 L. New Haven, Conn.